Jesse and the Minnow

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And so it came to pass in those days that, brown on brown, we bent at the waist, hands on a stone, wrists deep in the immaculate stream. And Jesse also bent from the waist; his hands distorted in the chill water, his waist a long crescent of winter above his fraying waist-band.

And so it was that with our hands sunk to the wrist, with one quick motion, I rolled the rock over its own belly.

And there was revealed there in the limpid pool, a host of needles within a great explosion of great clouds of mud.

And he brought forth there a tiny minnow and he held him to the Heavens and let him flop in his hands and laid him on a rock to dry.

And we laid him on a rock to dry and we called his name Wonderful Minnow.

And so it came to pass in those days that for years we covered the stream with the flecks of tiny minnows. Shirtless, we covered the miles between our homes until the sun glaring on the flats and it was time for our dinner.

And on one Saturday the sun was high and soaked into the stream without reflection when we got there.
And we hung our shirts unbuttoned on a bush to keep them dry.

And the rocks were moved.

And the bellies of the minnows were dried in the sun so they shone like pearls on the rocks in the sun.

And we made houses with the rocks for the minnows to keep them from the sun.

And minnow upon minnow we filled the houses of the rocks with minnows.

And the rocks were hot in the sun.

And so it was that with our hands cooled to the wrist, Jesse swiped into the water, and the water exploded upwards to our faces, uplifted against the rising water, exploding into sky.

And he held up his hands. And his hands were running with the water from the stream.

And our faces were running with the water from the stream.

And he held there a flailing fish as big as his hand and he held it to the Heavens and the high sun seared into the fish and burned our eyes and Jesse screamed to Heaven

Saying, “Jesus Christ! Jesus H. Christ! Jesus Christ Almighty!”